The Evening World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Nos. 63 to 53 Park Row, New York.
RALPH PULITZER, President, 63 Park Row.
FRANK COLE SHAW, Treasurer, 63 Park Row.
JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 63 Park Row.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter.
Subscription Rates to The Evening World for the United States and Canada: One Year $3.75; One Month .35.
For England and the Continent and All Countries in the International Postal Union: One Year $9.78; One Month .85.

VOLUME 55..... NO. 19,590

WHERE MOST NEEDED.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S war philosophy is a little chill for the market place.

"No man is wise enough," he told the Methodist Conference, "to pronounce judgment. But we can all hold our spirits in readiness to accept the truth when it dawns on us and is revealed to us in the outcome of this titanic struggle."

This is not the way the man in the street talks about the war. The latter makes up his mind with confidence and proclaims his opinion to all listeners. As for judgment—isn't it a thousand times easier to exercise than to suspend it? We all occasionally find fault with our memories, some philosopher observes, but who ever complained of his judgment?

To be truly neutral, to jump at no conclusions, not to believe every story of atrocities, to await official confirmation of stirring news, to keep open-minded and fair, to see that between black and white are many degrees of gray—mental reserve of this sort just now is rare.

The more reason to thank God that it is still not absent from places of high public trust where the nation has most need of it.

That a fourteen-year-old school girl can be arrested and taken to court in a patrol wagon because she shouts some silly phrase at an assistant principal reassures New York as to the majesty of the public school system. But what about its humanity and common sense?

THE CITY WAITS FOR NO MAN.

RESTLESS New York is like the Missouri River. It shifts its bars and eats away its banks until no man knows from one year to the next how to reckon on its currents.

Another receivership involving big department stores in the Sixth Avenue shopping district reminds us again of the ruthless ways in which the great city sweeps business hither and thither. Walk west from Madison Square along Twenty-third Street. The once famous shoppers' promenade is now a row of empty buildings and locked doors. No pressure drove away one kind of business to make room for another. When the retail centre shifted it left its old site bare.

Land in Manhattan costs more than in any equal area in the country. The island is supposed to be overcrowded. How then can a central section of a block or more suddenly find itself as barren as a sandbar?

It is one of the ever-puzzling vagaries of New York. The city darts now this way, now that. Business either pants in pursuit or gets left.

Having conquered the absinthe habit, Paris now prepares to suppress the tango. Victory upon victory—with lives lengthened instead of lost.

SOME DAY.

An Evening World reader writes:

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In nearly all cities of any importance, except New York, street railway tickets are good on every line. For instance, take Washington, D. C. There are three distinct surface railway companies and a ticket purchased on one line is good on every line.

Why should not that apply in New York? It seems to me that such a plan would expedite service, increase the circulating medium and be a great convenience to the travelling public.

In harmony with your policy in trying to improve the transportation of New York, I sincerely hope that you can see your way clear to advocate this idea.

One more thought—it seems to me that the traction companies should voluntarily adopt this policy. Why? Because the vast transient population of New York would pay for it in the tickets they take to their homes in other cities, and which are never redeemed. W. F. WAKEMAN.

Patience. When New York street railway companies have been made to provide a uniform transfer system that takes people where they want to go instead of continually holding them up and humiliating them, there may be hope of securing an interchangeable ticket.

New York works more slowly than other cities along these lines. It is expert at handing out franchises to transit corporations. But it is still a long way from knowing how to make them co-operate for its convenience.

ATTENTION!

Easter fashion parade to-morrow. The city expects every woman to look her best and every man to look only as inferior as becomes him.

Hits From Sharp Wits.

If you want your advice to be appreciated, charge money for it.

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Only those who know but little come under the delusion that they know it all.—Albany Journal.

• • •

Beat let sleeping dogs lie, is an old aphorism whose value has been proved many times.—Macon Telegraph.

• • •

The self-satisfied person is never very satisfactory to others.

• • •

What a drab world this would be were it not for the things women wear on their hats!—Toledo Blade.

• • •

Every man owes the world something, even if he claims it owes him a living. — Knoxville Journal and Tribune.

• • •

The married man who says he does as he pleases is either a fool or a plain, ordinary liar. — Philadelphia Inquirer.

• • •

It is better to furnish a small house with chairs and things than to fill a big one with bluff.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Letters From the People

How Many?

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Here is something for clever readers to compute: How many different combinations can be made of the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0, using the ten figures each time and not using the same figure twice in any combination? A says that it will be closer to a thousand than a hundred. B says it will be closer to a hundred. A. G. W.

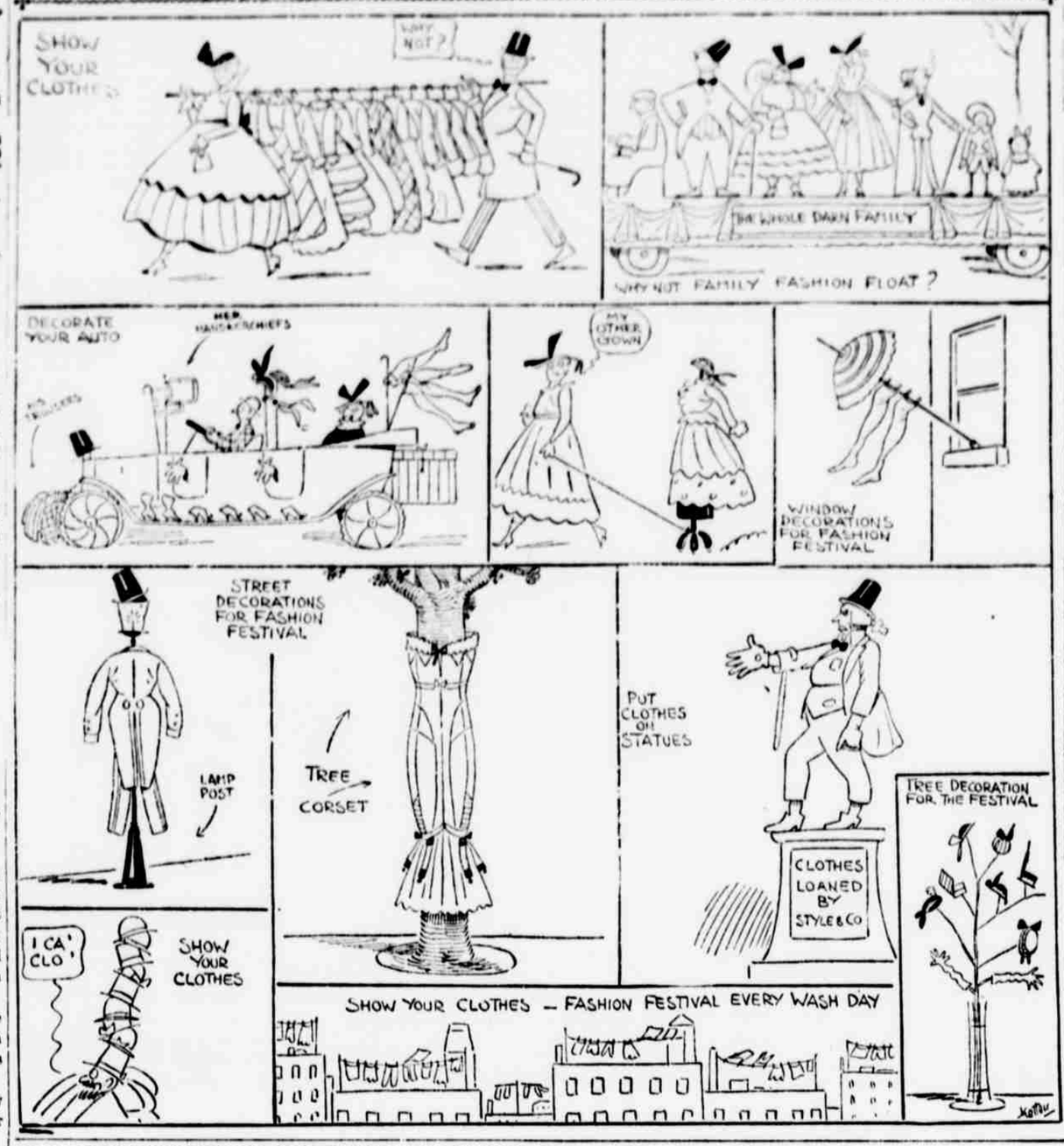
April 21.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

On what day did Easter fall in 1889? Miss J. D.

Spring Fashion Festival

By Maurice Ketten



What Every Woman Thinks

By Helen Rowland

WHO "ROCKS THE BOAT OF MATRIMONY?"

"THERE," announced the Widow as she pointed to a headline spread across the evening paper, "is another perfectly good marriage gone to smash, another addition to the yearly divorce crop; and nobody knows who did it!"

"Who did what?" inquired the Bachelor, touching the match to his cigar with loving tenderness.

"Rocked the boat of matrimony," sighed the Widow. "Nobody ever knows who rocks the boat of matrimony—not even the occupants themselves."

"Well," suggested the Bachelor, cheerfully, "the evidence might throw a little light on the subject. The lady got the divorce, didn't she?"

"Of course, Mr. Weatherby," she answered coolly. "The LADY always gets the divorce, and the charges are always 'desertion'—in well-bred society. But the real grounds, like coffee grounds, are hidden at the bottom where you can't see them. Why did he desert her—if he DID? Was it because she couldn't understand him or because she couldn't stand him"——

"You might ask them," suggested the Bachelor, hopefully.

"It wouldn't do any good," she answered. "SHE would say that he had 'deceived' her; and HE would say that she had 'driven him to it.' Both, or either of which, might be true. A man always does deceive a woman sooner or later—if not about big things, about little ones," she added.

"And a woman always does drive him to it, sooner or later," retorted the Bachelor, "if not the first time—why, er—all the rest of the time."

The First "White Lie" and Its Progress.

"BUT it's the 'first time' that counts!" declared the Widow, emphatically. "It's the first little white lie that develops into the big black cloud of suspicion which causes the thunderstorm and the hail of reproach and the rain of recriminations. That is just the point I am trying to solve. WHO causes the first deceit in love and matrimony? Is it the man's tendency never to offer a woman the truth if he can think of a fib which will be more effective? Or is it the woman's tendency to prefer a sweet old lie to the bitter truth? Is man made naturally deceitful or does a woman MAKE him that way?"

"There you have it!" exclaimed the Bachelor. "A woman doesn't want the truth unless it is sugar-coated and sweetened and spiced until it sounds as convincing as a good lie. She makes it impossible for any man to be perfectly frank and honest with her by her passion for sweets."

"THAT," returned the Widow sorrowfully, "is the masculine theory, which has caused most of the trouble since Adam managed to shift the blame on Eve by making her bite the apple first. A man always begins by foolishly fibbing to a woman about something that doesn't matter; and, naturally, when he tells her the truth about something that does matter she's suspicious of it."

"Nonsense!" scoffed the Bachelor. "It's the woman's innate attitude of suspicion which forces a man to be deceitful."

"And a man's innate attitude of self-defence toward a woman," rejoined the Widow, "which causes him to do the things that make her suspicious."

"Lots of men," declared the Bachelor, "would never have thought of doing anything their wives might disapprove of if their wives had not first put it into their heads by accusing them of it. Every woman seems to have a natural genius for discovering the particular sins her husband would LIKE to commit and then accusing him of committing them before he has had time to."

"Because," retorted the Widow, "every woman has a natural intuition that her husband's mind is wandering in that direction long before he knows it himself; and she yearns to warn him against the rocks."

"Humph!" sniffed the Bachelor, "and like an amateur chauffeur she always drives him right onto the rocks!"

The Supreme Shock of the Series.

"YES," said the Widow, "and sometimes finds that he has been heading for them long before she suspected it. The greatest shock of a bride's life, Mr. Weatherby, is to accuse her husband of something and discover that her accusations are actually TRUE!"

"It doesn't seem as if we could unwind it, does it?" sighed the Bachelor. "We're getting more tangled up in our argument every minute. Which have we decided comes first—the suspicion or the deception? Who is it that rocks the boat of matrimony?"

"We don't know, and we never will know!" returned the Widow. "But one thing is certain; if they could both stay right in the middle of the boat and hold on tight it would never be overturned. For instance, after YOU are married, if you should ever flirt, as you did last night, with that redheaded girl in the Tipperary hat"——

"I never saw her," lied the Bachelor promptly. "Besides, I didn't think her hair was really red"——

"Of course not!" mocked the Widow. "It was merely Titian with a cubist touch; and if you didn't see her, why did she smile BACK at you so alluringly?

"Did she?" murmured the Bachelor with a look of innocent delight.

The Widow rose and extended her hand with a freezing smile.

"MUST you go, Mr. Weatherby?" she asked sweetly.

"Sit down!" pleaded the Bachelor, taking her hand in both of his and gently pushing her back in her chair. "Sit down! You're rocking the boat!"

And then the Widow smiled and the storm was over.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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MR. JARR was not in an amiable frame of mind. For the last three days he had been a victim to the untold horrors of housecleaning and had just stepped on a cake of soap and nearly accomplished a most marvellous somersault.

The carpets were up and Mrs. Jarr had gone around with her head tied up and was so cranky that life wasn't worth living.

"Why didn't you do this housecleaning back in March when everybody else does it?" asked Mr. Jarr plaintively. "We've been camping out for a week and things are worse than before. Aren't they ever going to be straightened?" And Mr. Jarr, fishing for a handkerchief in the top drawer of the chiffonier, upset a mountain of newly laundered lace curtains and down they went to the floor.

"Now you start!" said Mrs. Jarr. "How could I do my housecleaning when I knew as soon as I began it Gertrude would leave? But the housecleaning HAD to be done, and everything was in such a condition, and I had to take down the curtains and hangings and take up the carpets; and so I did it!"

"Do servant girls always leave when housecleaning begins?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Either that or when there's sickness or company in the house. Servants will stay as long as there is no work to do, no sick people to attend to or no company. We have no company, thank goodness! But I did start housecleaning, and, of course, the children got terrible colds, and Gertrude threatens to leave! And I've got a cold or I'm getting one," said Mrs. Jarr, sneezing.

"Get back to bed, you naughty children!" went on Mrs. Jarr, putting her head in the children's room at the sound of little bare feet pattering over the bare floor. "Willie, you were barking all night long with a croupy cold; and Emma, you were in a high fever! Oh, dear! Children are such a trial and housekeeping is such a drudgery and such a care, it's no wonder so many women live in hotels!"

"Here comes Dr. Stanwix," said Mr. Jarr, looking out of the window.

"And how are we to-day?" asked Dr. Stanwix, bustling in. "And how are we all? How is my little man? And how is the little lady?"

The little lady, being no other than little Emma Jarr, fell under the spell of the charming professional man; but the little man, Willie Jarr, only scowled and remarked that if he was given any nasty tasting medicine he would spit it out.

"Can you tell me why the children get sick at such a time when I am right in the midst of my housecleaning, doctor?" asked Mrs. Jarr, peevishly.

"Yes, madam, I can!" said the doctor. "Dust does it, madam—dust! I read a very interesting paper on 'Dust as an Incentive in Zymotic Diseases' at the last meeting of the Medical Association in Yonkers. Dr. Carver, the great surgeon, took issue with me on some points, but on the whole I was sustained by my colleagues," said the doctor as he felt the little boy's pulse. "We note that in hay fever or asthma dust of any kind irritates the mucous membranes. Grant me that and my premise is established," he added.

Mr. Jarr nodded as if he understood, but Mrs. Jarr bridled up.

"Do you mean to tell me that if I let my house go dirty the children won't get sick?" she asked.

"I do not go so far as to say that," said Dr. Stanwix. "Dirt is the breeding ground of such diseases as phthisis, scarlet fever and the like. On the other hand, the destruction of old edifices has been followed by outbreaks of meningitis. The stirring up of dust to any great extent is followed by colds."

"Then, if I don't clean house we will get diseases and if I do clean house we will get sick, anyway?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"Under present methods, yes," said the doctor, "dust, dust, my dear madam, is dangerous!" and he wrote out three prescriptions.

"If dust is so dangerous why is he always out for the dust?" asked Mr. Jarr, as the doctor departed. "I got his bill yesterday.

But Mrs. Jarr said it was a shame to talk so about such a lovely man as Dr. Stanwix. In women's eyes, doctors can do no wrong.

When "There Is No Place Like Home"

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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"BELIEVING as I do in the preservation and protection of the home, I most cordially approve this measure."

These are the words accredited to Gov. Charles S. Whitman when this week he signed the Mothers' Pension Bill (more correctly termed the "Child Welfare Bill"), the main object of which is to preserve the home of the child.

It is the first time in the history of the State that the home, as a factor toward good citizenship, has been officially recognized by giving the dependent mother the pay envelope to preserve the home. It establishes the principle that Mrs. Winifred Stoner has practised to such great success with her daughter Winifred. It puts the seal of the State on the time-honored adage "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

While many women are seeking the delicatessen stores and lobster palaces and leaving little children to rear themselves, the Chief Executive of the State indorses the resolution made at the White House six years ago, which says:

"Home life is the highest and finest product of civilization. It is the great moulding force of mind and character. Children should not be deprived of it except for urgent and compelling reasons."

The one place for children is at home and with their mother. To keep the home intact and as attractive as possible is now the foremost doctrine of the twentieth century methods in home building as a means to happiness. And in every home, no matter how humble, this principle may be promoted with success, as hundreds of cases attest.

In a great city like New York, with its labor-saving devices and detracting influences, there is a marked tendency to disintegrate the home—to get away from it. It is a fact that there are members of families little acquainted with each other. Habits are formed and remain. To lose the habit of home life is to lose the ONE THING recognized as the great factor of sound living. Home in a Harlem flat of two rooms may be made the best place on earth, as it should be, and can be by those who make up their minds to do it.

Yet it can often be made the storm centre and the one place to be AVOIDED. It is in such cases that members of it are glad "There is no place like home." This is also true:

Where the family skeleton hasn't any funny bone; where a telephone is a device by which men escape coming home to dinner; where the family ties are always knotted; where the fire of love may be covered with ashes of poverty; where please, thank you and beg pardon are reserved for visitors.

Where a wife's relatives and a friend are two different things; where the family cupboard has many borrowed dishes; where the sins of the fathers are the excuses of the children; where many a man who plays the king finds his wife is ace high.

Where a cold bird and a bottle often precede a battle; where it is only a place of several walls with a number in front for the convenience of the mail man.

The real home is not the ruled one. Home is an "habitual abode," and everybody should have the home habit.

Housecleaning Horrors Assail Poor Mr. Jarr's Domestic Bliss.

The Week's Wash

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"OUR friends, the up-State legislators," remarked the head polisher, "appear to be determined to levy a direct tax, the bulk of which shall be paid by New York City."

"The hick statesmen," said the laundry man, "are really moderate in their demands upon New York City. Down in their hearts they carry the belief that New York City should pay all the running expenses of the State and relieve the ruralists and dwellers in the small towns of any taxation, save that required for local purposes.

"One of the up-State Solons who recently made an impassioned plea for local option in the name of human liberty and yesterday voted to permit the employment of women and children twelve hours a day in the canning factories bumped into an argument about the State tax drain on the city the other day. He wanted to know what we would do if the up-State folks didn't come down here and spend their hard earned money.

"Say, did you ever see an up-State legislator from the rural districts squandering his own money in New York? He doesn't care any more for $2 than he does for his upper lip. He scatters his dough like rain on the desert of Sahara. Before leaving home he gives his bankroll a bath in an alum solution and every time he pries a bill off to pay for something he has to have in the big city he utters a cry like a wounded seal.

"It is different when the up-State legislators come down here to investigate something, by heck, and the State is paying the bills. They stop at the best hotels and every time they eat they go through the bill of fare like a machine gun. They are loose as ashes with the appropriated funds and they enjoy themselves because they know that of every dollar they spend New York City is paying out 75 cents or more."

T. R.'s Warmest Rival.

"WELL," said the head polisher, "the Eitel Friedrich didn't make a bold dash to sea from Newport News after all."

"We'll have to take our hats off to Capt. Thierichsen," said the laundry man. "When it comes to downright talent in the direction of keeping his name in the papers he has only one rival—Col. Roosevelt.

"Of course, Capt. Thierichsen never entertained for a minute an idea of dashing out to sea and escaping the British and French cruisers. There is only one way to sea out of Hampton Roads and the enemy's ships had that blocked. But the captain cheerfully tossed his bluff until the last minute and then calmly interned his vessel."

Rank Ingratitude.

"I SEE," said the head polisher, "that Billy Sunday says the reporters covering his Paterson performances are 'dirty little liars.'"

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth," remarked the laundry man, "it is to have a thankless evangelist."

My Wife's Husband

By Dale Drummond

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CHAPTER XXIX.

WE took Mrs. Prentice directly to the hospital, stopping at the station only long enough to wire Dr. Webb. Miss Reece, the nurse, at once undertook to do what she could for me, personally offering to deliver a letter Dr. Webb had given me to the head surgeon. He received me at once, and made me feel quite at home, congratulating me on being fortunate enough to secure the services of Miss Reece for my patient. When I left him he gave me a hearty handshake, telling me he hoped I would be happy among them.

I now went directly to a good hotel. I had intended going to a cheaper house, but I felt that I had already so identified myself with a wealthy patient that it would be poor policy to go to a second rate hotel.

After a bath, a good dinner, and a visit to the hospital I wrote Jane a short note before going to bed. I told her that I had a patient on the train whose husband reminded me of Mr. Hemming, and that she had been taken to the Lumly Hospital. But I said nothing of the nurse, nor of the wealth of the patient.

The next morning I had a short note from Jane saying the new doctor had been to see Dorothy and that they both liked him very much.

"He is more natural, less embarrassed than when you were beside him," she wrote. "Dorothy is quite in love with him, he is so gentle with her."

Then a little further down:

"John told Dr. Landon that he was going to be a big surgeon when he grew up so he could make the other doctors do as he wanted them to. Where do you suppose the child ever got such ideas?"

I laughed heartily over this part of her letter. So the little rascal was going to be a surgeon? Well, I hoped that he would, and I believe that from that moment not my love but my interest in the little chap was greater than ever before.

Just at the close of her letter Jane said:

"I am going for a ride in the Hemmings car, so will close. As ever, yours, Jane."

"Curse the Hemmings car!" I exploded as I threw the letter down. Then laughed a little to think how silly I was.

I slept heavily and was wakened in the morning by the boy with a wire from Dr. Webb saying he would perform the operation for Mrs. Prentice if his diagnosis agreed with mine and if he found an operation necessary; that he would be in Chicago the next day.

With what impatience I waited his verdict can better be imagined than told. I was in a cold perspiration, as I thought he might perhaps disprove my conclusions, and his opinion be adverse to what I had advised as being absolutely necessary. I went to the hospital, made a perfunctory call—nothing more would be done until Dr. Webb arrived—then spent most of the day walking the streets.

I pretended to myself that I was house hunting, but I did it in a half-hearted way that had no results except to make me tired and cross and to wonder how I was to pay the heavy rents I had had quoted to me in my aimless wanderings.

When I returned to the hotel to dress for dinner I took myself severely to task for the way I was acting; and, sitting down, I called for a city directory and made a list of real estate agents; then wrote several letters telling them exactly what I wanted, the locality in which I felt it necessary to live, and the limit of what I would pay. When this was finished and the letters posted I felt better, and after my dinner went to the theatre. I must not allow a hint of nervousness to appear on the morrow, so I selected a rousing farce, and laughed until I ached at the clever dialogue and acting. The next day, after my visit to the hospital to see that there had been no change in the condition of the patient, I went to the station to meet Dr. Webb. I did not see him leave the train, and a resounding slap on the back was my first intimation of his presence.

"Well, you didn't waste any time, young man!" was his hearty greeting as we shook hands. "How's the patient?"

"You shall judge for yourself now that you are here. I should prefer—under the circumstances—that you would not question me until you have seen her."

The doctor looked keenly at me for a moment, then his face lit up with a good natured, approving smile and:

"That's right, Butterworth, stand on your own legs," he replied.

(To Be Continued.)